

Judgement Of The Dead

Pagan Altar

Galleries of dead are smiling,
Candlelight is shining,
Judgement of the dead.

Hooded corpses form the jury,
Point with pent up fury,
Judgement of the dead.

A courtroom filled with the dead.
Judge Satan sits at their head.
A cloak of black, that hangs to the ground.
Sentence is passed without even a sound.

Torn soldiers stand in the aisles,
War heroes or fools, yesterday's child.
Dismembered limbs that are lost to deaths glory,
Each to his own, the same stupid story.

Politicians standing in line,
Generals following behind.
Chained to the dock with the leaders of religion,
Heads bowed low awaiting the decision.

Galleries of dead are smiling, candlelight is shining,
Judgement of the dead.